

THE BOOK CLUB OF CALIFORNIA

Quarterly
NEWS-LETTER



Henry George and the *California Home Journal*

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Henry George and the California Home Journal

ADELA SPINDLER ROATCAP

VARIOUS SAN FRANCISCO newspaper editors have assumed credit for fostering Henry George's proficiency as a writer and reporter. The author of *Progress and Poverty* began his newspaper career as a printer's devil at the *California Home Journal*, a literary weekly owned by Joseph Charles Duncan. Duncan, himself a poet, was founder and editor of the *Newsletter*, the *Daily Globe*, the *Mirror*, and the *California Home Journal*. Duncan's chief claim to fame, however, may be his children, those indomitable California Duncans—Elizabeth, Augustin, Raymond, and, of course, the celebrated Isadora.

Henry George and Joseph Duncan were Philadelphians. Duncan was born in 1823 and Henry George in 1839. Joseph Duncan's father taught English and Oratory at Washington College in Maryland. Henry's father, a former publisher of religious literature, was a customs house official who held the opinion that typesetters, as a class, "possess much correct general information and are given to habits of intelligent thought."¹

At sixteen Henry shipped out to Australia and India; at seventeen he was apprenticed to King & Bard, Philadelphia printers and book dealers. Beckoned by the "shining sea of gold," Henry George shipped out again in December 1857. As a steward on the U.S. Lighthouse Tender *Shubrick*, he made the five-month voyage around the Horn, arriving in San Francisco in May 1858. By November, having survived a series of sobering experiences with a miner's pick in the Californian and Canadian gold fields, Henry George found himself again in San Francisco "dead broke," but still not "gold-fever-proof." Hunger drove him to set type until he could return to mining. A

chance meeting with a Philadelphia compositor, David Bond, during the summer of 1859 resulted in his being introduced to Joseph Duncan. Henry gratefully accepted a position as typesetter on the *California Home Journal*, but the allure of gold died hard with him.

Joseph Duncan had arrived in San Francisco in September 1850. By 1857 he was editor of the *Daily Globe*. Thomas Sim King, feisty editor of the *Bulletin*, vilified him in print and the subsequent brouhaha led to Duncan's divesting himself of the *Globe* in August 1858 and founding the *California Home Journal*, a weekly "Family Sunday Paper." There certainly was nothing in the *Home Journal* at which the most irate politically minded editor of the time could take umbrage. It was a literary journal in the best romantic and sentimental popular style of the day. Its offices were on the northeast corner of Montgomery and Clay streets.

Joseph Duncan paid his printer's devil twelve dollars a week for work during regular hours—good enough wages for a boy. Henry George, nineteen years old and slightly under five feet tall, had to stand on a box to reach the type case, yet he resolved to stay with the *Home Journal* until he came of age and qualified as a journeyman. Moderate in his expenses, but lavish in his expectations, he wrote home:

I . . . do not study much. I have not time and opportunity (or nearer the truth, perhaps, will enough) to push through a regular course. . . . I try to pick up everything I can, both by reading and observation, and flatter myself that I learn at least something every day. My principal object now is to learn my trade well, and I am pitching in with all my strength. So anxious am I now to get ahead and make up for lost time that I never feel happier than when at work, and that, so far from being irksome, is a pleasure. . . . In another year I'll be twenty-one and I must be up and doing. . . . As soon as I rise in the morning I go to breakfast and then immediately to work, which I seldom leave until nearly seven o'clock and once in a while not until one or two in the morning. There are only three others in the office—nice social fellows—which makes it pleasant for me. I do not make much, but I am learning a good deal and think I have a pretty good prospect, so that I am quite satisfied.²

In February 1860 he wrote wistfully about the new mines in the Washoe Mountains in Nevada Territory, but added that he intended to stay with his job until his next birthday "... if the paper lasts that long." A few months later he wrote:

Duncan, the proprietor of the *Home Journal*, bought an interest in a silver lead a short time since for a paltry sum which he could sell to-day for \$15,000, and which, if it holds out as rich as the assay shows, will be an independent fortune. . . . I am invited out to-morrow evening to join a reading circle, and if it don't rain will make my *debut* in polite society on the Coast.

Joseph Duncan, as adept at making fortunes as at losing them, introduced Henry George to his "reading circle." Henry read assiduously, met other writers, and set their work in print. His own writing style was never as sentimental as Duncan's. Henry George's sober and realistic view of society was grounded on his own family history, his experiences at sea, and the exotic locations and customs he had observed.

Among Duncan's favorite writers was a young Los Angeles woman, who signed her verses "Ina." Duncan "prefaced each poem from her with such a genuinely appreciative comment that she continued to contribute. He gave her front-page space, sent her verses to the Atlantic coast and liked to say that she had won national recognition before she was twenty."³

Duncan, like Henry George's father, was a Democrat. He was also a member of the Chivalry—the southern faction of the Democratic, pro-slavery party of President Buchanan. Henry sided with the Republican, abolitionist point of view, but he was still a minor and could do nothing about his political feelings. On September 2, 1860, Henry George finally attained legal age. Enthusiastic about his new status, he resigned from the *Home Journal*, said good-bye to Joseph Duncan, joined the Eureka Typographical Union and obtained work as a substitute typesetter on the larger daily papers—at a journeyman's wage. A few days later, he made his way back to the literary haven of the *California Home Journal*. In consideration for his return Duncan advanced him to foreman, raised his salary to thirty dollars a week—a

stupendous salary for those days—and added his name to the list of publishers. Henry George was now grown up.

In November 1860, Henry proudly cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln and the Union Party. By March 4, 1861, when the new president was inaugurated, Henry George's father, still in Philadelphia, lost his job, like many other Democrats. Young Henry was also unemployed—the *California Home Journal* had been sold. His only recourse was to turn again to "subbing" on the daily papers. Poverty and hunger were just around the corner. He did have, however, over one hundred dollars saved from the wages Duncan had paid him. Here was a hopeful glimmer of prosperity. How to turn this slim capital into a fortune? He wrote home:

A large amount of silver is coming out of Nevada near Virginia City and the amount of goods going up there is astonishing. One of the companies lately declared a dividend of \$1,400 per share. Their claim however is situated on the famous Ophir lead, probably the richest in the world. . . .

In June 1861 he let his family know that he had been "given a one-third interest in a gold lead in Butte County." But, having learned not to depend on such "leads," he chose "a certainty" and invested his slim fortune in the newspaper business. Hadn't Joseph Duncan turned the *Home Journal* into such a profitable enterprise that he was now the owner of a commercial establishment on Sacramento Street? With five other printers, Henry George entered into a partnership and endeavored to turn the *Constitution*, a Republican campaign paper, into the *San Francisco Evening Journal*. As editorial writer he hired John Rollin Ridge, better known as "Yellow Bird," a Cherokee poet and journalist, a member of the "reading circle," who befriended and encouraged young writers such as Ina Coolbrith.

The partners expected the beginning to be rough. They gathered the news, printed and distributed the newspaper, and waited for times to get better. But the best wage Henry George drew from the *Evening Journal* was six dollars a week. In addition to competing with wealthier, established papers, the partners had to come to grips with the fact that the technology of news-gathering was changing rapidly.

The completion of the trans-continental telegraph in October 1861 sounded the death knell for the *Evening Journal*. Henry George wrote home, "I worked until my clothes were in rags and the toes of my shoes were out. I slept in the office and did the best I could to economize. . . . Finally I ran into debt."

Joseph Duncan had embarked on a career of real estate speculation, art dealing, and banking. Henceforth his poetry would be printed in May Wentworth's *Poetry of the Pacific*, Bret Harte's *Outcroppings* and *Hutching's Illustrated California Magazine*. Henry George was also getting his writing into print: short stories in the *Californian* and *The Overland Monthly* about his experiences, and articles dealing with political economics. He had become part of the newspaper and literary scene in San Francisco and now pursued success in the newspaper business with the same tenacity with which he had once hankered after gold. With three other printers, he founded the *San Francisco Post* on December 4, 1871, managing to keep the paper afloat until 1875.

In August 1877 Joseph Duncan's carefully constructed financial empire dissolved when his banks failed—Duncan became a fugitive from justice with a price on his head, or, as his daughter Isadora later explained, he "lost one of his fortunes."⁴

In September 1877, Henry George began writing a magazine article on the phenomena of industrial depressions and of the increase of want which follows the increase of wealth. In an amazing turn of fortune, *Progress and Poverty*—for the article grew into a book—became one of the great American best-sellers and made his name a household word all over the country.

¹ Henry George, Jr., *The Life of Henry George*, New York, 1960, p. 42.

² *Op. cit.*, pp. 95-96. All quotations from Henry George's correspondence are from the excellent biography by his eldest son.

³ Josephine DeWit Rhodehamel, *Ina Coolbrith. Librarian and Laureate of California*, Brigham Young University Press, 1973, p. 186. Ina (Josephine Smith Carsley) adopted the name Ina Coolbrith in 1862 when she moved to San Francisco.

⁴ Isadora Duncan, *My Life*, New York, 1927, p. 16.

The University of California Press in the 1940s: Recto and Verso

AUGUST FRUGÉ

IN BERKELEY when you walked into the Press building—then home of the combined Press and printing department, now housing only the latter—to the left of the high lobby were the administrative offices, where Hazel Niehaus presided over several people in the large outer room. By 1944 she had worked for the printing plant and Press for 24 years, and she had another 25 to go, the last few for the Press alone. Past her desk and straight ahead was Director Samuel T. Farquhar's corner office and, to the right, that of V. J. McHenry, whose title was Superintendent of the plant but whose work was more limited. With an assistant, Ross Cushing, he took in all printing jobs and did the estimating. Later, when I would bring in a book manuscript, he would weigh it solemnly in one hand, up and down, look out the window, look back at me, and say, "About x thousand dollars, don't you think?" And it really didn't matter much because we were expected to pay the actual cost as accumulated on the time sheets. And there was no real way to control that.

The front of the building along Oxford Street was three stories high, with the third floor given over to a library bindery and the second to editorial and sales offices. The much larger plant behind this front was all on one level. From the lobby leading up to the second floor was a handsome spiral staircase, whose exact curvature was often drawn and studied by students of architecture. Halfway up, the climber could pause and look through a wide window opening over the composing room, where men were busy at work. The more distant press room and pamphlet bindery could be seen through tall glass partitions. It was all quite impressive, and a close look showed that the entire area was skillfully planned for flow of work from one

function to another. Diffused light was provided by high saw-tooth skylights over the plant area and a south wall of glass bricks. The plant floor was made of upturned redwood blocks that cushioned the feet. Farquhar and his architects, Masten and Hurd of San Francisco, had known precisely what they were doing.

Farquhar himself must have taken an active part in the planning. That his older half-brother, Robert, was architect of the elegant Clark Library in Los Angeles suggests a family interest in such matters. The style of the Press building has been described as conservatively modern. A surviving unsigned memo of 1940 says "Simplicity in design and dignity without pretentiousness were sought by the use of lightly marked vertical accents" on the rather low main façade. Compared to other University buildings in Berkeley, it is small, harmonious, perfectly balanced—just the qualities that Farquhar sought in book design. I have sometimes thought that only one University building is more handsome—South Hall, the sole survivor of the 1873 campus.

The entire building was beautifully planned for the Press as it was then—for a good-sized printing plant and a small, attached, and subsidiary editorial operation, with easy communication between editors and compositors. The second floor was all publishing. At one end was the oak-paneled library, with a complete collection of Press books and series volumes, a collection of works on printing, and a long table for meetings. At the other end was the sales department, more billing office than selling office, where I was about to install myself. And in between were half a dozen editorial rooms. That was it for publishing, and it was most of what we had for the next eighteen years. Publishing, unlike printing, can be done from almost any kind of office. When we finally moved in 1962 the chief gain, along with more space, was to distance ourselves from the printers—a gain that would have been incomprehensible to the editorial staff of 1944.

The chief editor, Harold Small, and his assistants were in almost daily touch with the print shop, and particularly with Amadeo Tomasini, foreman of the composing room. Given the conditions of the day and the then conception of publishing, it was an effective symbiosis. In a long job description written a few years later, Small

described three essential skills of the "present editor." The first was the ability to revise manuscripts in many fields, the third an understanding of the "genus professor." Of the second skill, called equally important, he wrote, "The Editor must understand the mechanics of printing, and must have a discriminating knowledge of the design and manufacture of books, so that he can . . . collaborate fully with the supervisors of work in the mechanical plant at all stages of book production." Small was "the" editor, and one might describe his job in present terms as chief copyeditor and production editor; he did almost no procurement. In a letterpress plant all illustrations were printed from metal engravings, which Small, in close collaboration with Tommasini, scaled and ordered from an Oakland firm. Only later, when we came into conflict, did I realize how the two of them controlled between them almost the whole process of manufacture. It was Farquhar, of course, who had invented and still dominated the style of book design, but with a looser control than in earlier years. Decisions were made one at a time, as the job moved along, and not all in advance as must be done when dealing with outside printers.

In our informal newsletter called *The Pierian Spring* I once wrote a little piece that began, "Ever since we first wandered into the publishing business, we have been trying to determine precisely what an editor is. . . . The man eludes classification; the word evades definition. An editor doesn't fit a filing cabinet, can't be mounted on a slide, was never weighed in a scale or added up on an adding machine, moves too variously for an electric eye, and never stands still long enough to be measured by triangulation. Our friends the technicians, who think they can measure the goodness of an angel or weigh the thoughts of a lady while she pulls up her sox, have never been able to pin him down or fasten him up. Nor have we."

The overblown language was mine, of course, but the picture behind the prose was Small's own image of himself, as set down at length in the job description mentioned above. How serious was I at the time of writing? Perhaps as serious as was Small when he used to introduce me—in my first sales manager days—as the man who was going to "make us all rich." But there was truth in the self appraisal. Largely self-educated after his degree from Colby College in Maine, he had picked up an enormous store of erudition and could hold his

own in conversation with almost any humanistic scholar, as I saw when we went together for lunch at the Faculty Club. He himself wrote that "his qualifications and his successes" came from being brought up in a home where "good table talk was enjoyed and valued;" from omnivorous reading, and from schooling in the old New England liberal arts tradition. True enough, I still think.

To this education was added miscellaneous information from some fifteen years of newspaper experience in Hartford and San Francisco. Among his stories was one about the New England lady proofreader who was too embarrassed to correct a misspelled ad for "fancy ducks, forty cents a pound" and the hilarity that broke out when the paper hit the street. But now as the erudite and unhurried editor of a scholarly press Small had found the right niche for himself. From there he could announce that all manuscripts must be written in *some* language. And that no book is ever finished but is only abandoned. And could classify the several kinds of academic prose. One, I remember, was the shingle style: each sentence overlaps the one before. In another the sentences follow each other in single file, like elephants in line, each trunk holding the tail of the beast ahead.

It was strange, I used to think, that an old newspaperman had no respect for deadlines; perhaps he had had a nose full of them and would no longer admit their existence. So the bad news, the verso of the good in title-page terms, was that authors could grow impatient; the Editorial Committee had, from time to time, risen up in anger over delays. The history of this I did not know at the time, but a new episode was soon to burst upon us. And I was to know the similar frustration of the would-be publisher with ideas about scheduling new books and planning their distribution. "The Editors," wrote Small, "must be able to give some assistance to the best manuscripts, to rewrite the worst, and to meet all degrees of demand between the extremes. . . . The editorial services given by the University of California Press are not duplicated by any other university press or by any commercial publishing house." That is the way it was, and I learned that no one could change Small's habits. Not even Farquhar, who in times of trouble might hire additional editors but could never get Small or his assistants to work in any other way. In my time he never tried.

When I first arrived Farquhar was still in vigorous good health and

good spirits. His pronounced limp, from polio as a child, had little effect on his mobility. He was about to marry for the second time. At the Press, even if he could not control everything, as no one could, he was clearly in charge, ruling with vigor and good sense. Things had been going well. The Press had its own handsome type face, specially designed by Frederic W. Goudy, the foremost designer of the day; in book design Farquhar had devised a splendid house style and, with the help first of Fred Ross and then of Amadeo Tommasini, had won many national prizes; the printing department was soon to take on the design and printing of the United Nations Charter.

Publishing income had almost doubled, largely from the sale of Japanese-language textbooks and dictionaries, undertaken at the request of the U.S. Navy, which had licensed the reprinting of books first published in Japan, a kind of authorized piracy. The books would die quickly later on, but the wartime demand was great. Every morning, when the mail had been opened, Farquhar rang, and I would go down to his office; together we turned over and discussed the day's orders, not a very long task. The Japanese texts sold in quantity. There were a few general books on the backlist but not many. Our one "best seller" among these, *Cézanne's Composition*, by Erle Loran, was out of stock. Paper was then rationed; we had no allotment for a reprint.

Like Small, Farquhar was a New Englander, coming from one of the Newtons, near Boston, and educated at Harvard. Although temperamentally quite different, the two men must have discovered something in common when they met in San Francisco. For more than a year, in 1927-1928, while Small was book review editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and Farquhar a member of the printing firm of Johnck & Seeger, the latter wrote a regular column on fine book making, with emphasis on the notable printers of San Francisco. And in 1928 the two men were among the founding members of The Roxburghe Club of San Francisco. It is not surprising that one brought the other to Berkeley.

Also active in book circles was Sam's older brother, Francis—accountant, mountaineer, bibliographer, connoisseur of fine printing, historian of the Sierra Nevada,¹ and notable book collector. His great

mountaineering collection is now at UCLA.² It seems likely, although I cannot document this, that Francis, with his many connections in San Francisco, may have had some influence on Sam's appointment as printer in 1932. For many years Francis edited the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, where David Brower got his first editorial experience before coming to the Press.

Sam Farquhar was less bookish, I think, than Small and much more of an organizer and manager, but he had a good humanistic education and was proud of his Harvard degree. Latin he remembered well, and he had recently audited a university class in ancient Greek—a step that I took after him a few years later. On one of our trips, eating in a Greek restaurant, he showed that he could make a stab at reading a modern newspaper in that language. And I should mention his fine and irreverent sense of humor and quick wit. The Press had published a small collection of letters by Anthony Trollope, entitled *The Tireless Traveler*. Sam said it should have been called *The Tireless Trollope*. He had in his head a large collection of limericks, the erotic kind with a sting in the tail. I still remember how he recited these.

I could have no complaints about our new working relationship. Farquhar was a firm but generous mentor. He advised me on the University, saying that the faculty would accept me in about five years—an accurate appraisal of Berkeley reserve, at that time noticeably different from the more open style at UCLA. He told me also that in any dispute between the academic and business sides of the University we must stand with the faculty, even though we were part of the administration. This recollection, I am aware, fits uneasily with Albert Muto's account³ of Farquhar's disputes with the Editorial Committee. Perhaps he had learned or had changed. I had good reason to remember the advice a few years later.

Farquhar saw the importance of the other campuses and branches of the University, especially those in the south, and he liked to travel by car, two interests that went well together. He no longer drove, but I did, and every few months we would head south in a university car, often on back roads, crossing the main highway now and then. Our first stop might be Riverside, where we had authors at the Citrus Experiment Station. *The Citrus Industry* (volume 1, 1943) and the

Color Handbook of Citrus Diseases (1941), both with multiple authors, were important books in those days before the great southern groves were bulldozed into housing tracts. From there we went to La Jolla, like Riverside not yet a general campus, for a visit to the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, which then produced series papers if not books.

And then to Los Angeles, where the Press had a small office in the back of Royce Hall, and where the sole employee, the secretary, had little to do between managerial visits. Farquhar got along well with the southern members of the Editorial Committee (at that time three out of eleven), having worked with them to get Sproul's permission for the local office. Much of our business there had to do with journals: *Pacific Historical Review*, edited in the UCLA history department, at that time by Louis Knott Koontz and later by John Walton Caughey, and the new *Hollywood Quarterly*, an exciting but doomed venture that led, after political and other troubles, to the film publishing of today. In Los Angeles I was introduced to the two book clubs, Zamorano and Rounce & Coffin, and to the fine printers, librarians, and booksellers who made up the membership. Many became friends. One of them, the printer Ward Ritchie, became our first, and most prolific, free lance book designer in the 1950s.

Sometime after my arrival Sam proposed that we revive the Book Arts Club, an informal student group that he had sponsored before the war. Members, changing annually, were the students in that year's Library School class in Berkeley, especially those with an interest in book arts. (In 1937 I had been a rather inattentive member.) The students, in collaboration with Farquhar and the appropriate faculty member, chose each year a manuscript about fine printing or the history of bookmaking, and worked with Farquhar or Tommasini in putting together a design. The book was then printed in the plant in an edition of two or three hundred copies. The sales income was small, of course, and the printing bill had to be reduced, but Sam had been careful early on to obtain the approval of President Sproul for a project that was designed to benefit students. In spite of this care, he and I were later accused—he posthumously, I more vulnerably—of doing free printing for a club to which we belonged.

Six books had been produced before the war. The students, with our help, now brought out *Fifty Printers' Marks*, by Edwin Elliott Willoughby of the Folger Shakespeare Library, in 1947, and *Kamisuki Choboki (Handy Guide to Papermaking)* in 1948. Farquhar's death, of course, put an end to the club and, indeed, to that kind of printing and publishing.

In her brief tenure in Berkeley, Dorothy Bevis had begun writing an informal newsletter about Press books entitled—by Sam, with his literary tastes—*The Pierian Spring*. It was similar in purpose, if not in style, to *The Pleasures of Publishing* put out by Columbia University Press about that time or later. Neither Dorothy at first nor I, when I took it up in 1945, pretended to drink deep at the spring of learning. The newsletter was intended, I once wrote, for those who “appreciate the sidelong rather than the headlong approach to book advertising.” It was issued “at intervals.” In it I wrote what I thought were light hearted pieces about Press books, new and old, even some that were out of print, about the book trade as I was coming to know it, about editing, as quoted above, about anything that might interest librarians, book sellers, and even, possibly, book buyers. There was a spoofing piece about some of the titles of our monographs, such as *Is the Boulder “Batholith” a Lacolith?* (Geological Sciences, 1:16), *The Free-Living, Unarmored Dinoflagelata*, one of the semicentennial publications, and a paper that I don’t now identify on the three-toed tree toad.

I have never been sure that this sort of thing sells many books, although when we found a small cache of something old and desirable, such as Grinnell and Storer’s *Animal Life in Yosemite*, they went fast enough. But it was a pleasure. Every publisher is a writer manqué or a scholar manqué—except a happy few, the real McCoys. But over the next few years we accumulated an appreciative audience; there were letters from all sorts of people in the book and library business and even from university presidents. If it had not been so easy to make errors, we should have had to invent some; they provoked correspondence.

For the first two or three years, the intervals were short enough, two or three months between issues, but in time the spring began to

run dry, and after the death of Farquhar—even before that, perhaps—there were more serious things to think about. He who struggles to keep his head above water is little concerned with drinking deep or tasting lightly. Years later, when one of our editors suggested that I revive *The Pierian Spring*, the idea was real enough to him, no doubt, but to me it suggested a gone world—not just the great, changed, outside world itself but also the smaller world in which we worked. And I could not help thinking that it was I, more than anyone else, who had done away with the old world of the Press.



THERE WERE THREE parts to that small *ancien régime*—three estates, we might call them in pre-revolutionary terminology—the printing department, the Press as Editorial Committee, and the Press as book publisher. And the third was least of the three. While the most visible to librarians and booksellers, and destined to outstrip the others, it was then smallest in size and perhaps in importance, overshadowed by the others in two quite different ways.

Although the Committee's Press and Farquhar's Press used the same imprint and financed some books jointly, they were really two different endeavors. To the Committee the Scientific Publications (series and a few books of similar nature) were of first importance and were sometimes seen as competing for editorial and printing time with Farquhar's books (called General Publications). There had been hot arguments about delays, presumably caused by General Publications, and we were soon to see an attempt by the Committee to take them over.

The Editorial Committee spent nearly all its time on the monographs, which greatly outnumbered the books. In the 1893-1943 catalogue there are listed about fifty different subject series, of which perhaps forty were then alive and active. Of these, and in the decade before the war, an average of more than sixty papers, large and small, were examined and approved each year. Even in the war years, when budgets were greatly reduced, the number of monographs was more than twice that of books, perhaps three times greater without the

Japanese texts. It was not until the late fifties or early sixties that scholarly books began to exceed in number the great monograph series, and by then the two programs were no longer thought to be in competition. In 1944 it was possible to think of them as two programs with different purposes, almost as two presses.

When Sam Farquhar, with the blessing of President Sproul, put Press and printing office together in 1933 he had reason to believe he was forming a modern press, as well as one in a great and old tradition. For a long time after the invention of movable type in the fifteenth century the functions of printing, publishing, and bookselling were not clearly distinguished and were often combined. Even today the word 'press' means a machine for printing and also means a publishing house. The invention of printing was, in a narrow sense, only a technological innovation, although writers on the history of the book sometimes seem to imply that the craft itself was a great cultural force. It was the combination of craft, choice of texts, and wide dissemination that brought on change. Each of the three was dependent on the others, incomplete without the others. Thus, the royal Letters Patent, the charter granted by Henry VIII to Cambridge University in 1534 not only gave the "power to print there all manner of books . . ." but "also to exhibit for sale, as well in the same University as elsewhere in our realm, wherever they please, all such books and all other books wherever printed. . ."

At the time of which I write the two great English exemplars, Oxford and Cambridge, had long operated combined printing and publishing organizations and were renowned for both. And on this continent, in the 1940s, more than a dozen university presses operated printing plants or had some kind of relation to their university plants. A few, such as Princeton and Oklahoma, were highly successful joint operations.

But printing and publishing, once so close together that the first term implied the second, have in today's world become incompatible. This is not the place to analyze the social and technological changes that have driven the two apart, but today I know of only two North-American presses, Toronto and Princeton, that still do some of their own printing, and even the great Oxford University plant has been

shut down—as a money loser and incompatible with publishing—and its remarkable collection of types put into a museum.

While printing can be thought of as an art or a craft, it can also be seen as a mechanism, a means to an end. While the publisher (or bookseller) may be a mere entrepreneur who buys cheap and sells dear (or tries to) he may also be judge and organizer of an intellectual endeavor. Printing as a craft and without sufficient concern for what is printed becomes precious. Publishing with too little thought for what is made public is mere commerce. The content of the work is of first importance. Or so reasons a publisher.

There is no mystique about publishing as there is about printing. Publishers are not craftsmen, as I learned and wrote many years ago, and they can seldom afford to have craftsmen on the staff, brutal as that may sound. Books should be eminently legible, as Farquhar proclaimed long ago, and it is a great gain if they are also handsome, as long as we don't let ourselves become more concerned with package than with contents. A publisher can be more than entrepreneur only by looking hard at the two chief functions, choosing and disseminating, especially the first of these. If he chooses well the fields of specialization and in seeking books selects the excellent from among the good (instead of merely weeding out the bad), distributes them well enough to attract the best authors, then the publishing house can develop a character of its own, and may come to have an intellectual value comparable, in its own way, to that of a first rate academic department.⁴

But the Press did not publish in that way in 1944, and probably could not have, given its relation to the printing plant. One strategy for joint operation is for the plant to take outside work (as in Toronto now, I think). Another is to avoid the problem of balance by keeping one side of the union much larger than the other. Thus some small plants have been managed, not without difficulty, for the benefit of large publishing houses. In Berkeley in the forties it was the other way around, although I cannot be sure that anyone, except perhaps Farquhar himself, thought of it that way. The Press was grafted on to the printing office and provided only a fraction of the plant's business. As long as that ratio was kept, with not too much publishing

activity, things went well enough, although there had been complaints since the last century whenever monographs were put aside for the more urgent announcements and catalogues. When a book program was added, books and monographs could compete for second and third places in line.

It was certainly not clear to me then—and probably not to others—that a successful symbiosis depended on keeping the number of books few. Few they were; neither Farquhar nor Small had strong publishing ambitions. From the beginning Farquhar's chief goal was to produce a few finely printed books that would win design awards, a goal triumphantly reached. The tastes of both men ran to the kind of book collected by bibliophiles. Of course they appreciated and worked competently on the scholarly books that came along, but they made no great effort to go after more of them.

In the nine years of 1933-1941 the Press brought out a little more than one hundred books or about a dozen a year. Of these a number were chiefly of book-collecting interest, and some were obligation books such as *festschriften* and the several series of lectures sponsored by the Committee on International Relations and pushed on the Press by President Sproul. There were also several unsaleable foreign-language works, such as *Les Sonnets de Shakespeare traduits en vers français*, and some volumes rescued from the monograph series. Substantial scholarly works and books of general intellectual interest—basic university press fare—were no more than two or three a year.

Nevertheless, during the war years these few included a number of important works, such as *Cézanne's Composition* and the two citrus books mentioned above. There were also the early titles in the United Nations Series, edited by Robert J. Kerner, large multi-author volumes about the allied countries, beginning with Czechoslovakia and going on, after the war, to China, Brazil, Australia, Canada, and others. But the chief publishing venture, in a practical sense, was the large group of Japanese language dictionaries and textbooks, all printed by offset outside the University plant, which could do only letterpress—hence no internal scheduling problems. It may be that the considerable success with these, the increased sales and income, together with the promise of the United Nations books, led

Farquhar to anticipate an expansion of publishing in the postwar years. But he could not have foreseen—no one foresaw—what the growth of publishing, together with a more active selling policy and the steep rise in letterpress printing costs, would do to his two-part organization.

¹ His *History of the Sierra Nevada* was published by the Press in 1966.

² See Cox, James R., *Classics in the Literature of Mountaineering and Mountain Travel from the Francis P. Farquhar Collection*, Los Angeles, 1980.

³ See Muto, Albert, *The University of California Press: The Early Years, 1893-1953*, forthcoming, 1993, University of California Press.

⁴ I wrote something like this in "The Agency and the Publishing House," *Scholarly Publishing* (Toronto), January 1976.

Contributors to This Issue

AUGUST FRUGÉ is Director Emeritus, University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles. His QN-L article is published here with the kind permission of the University of California Press and is adapted from his forthcoming book, *A Skeptic Among the Scholars: Recollections of a University Publisher*, scheduled for publication by the Press in 1993. Mr. Frugé is a member of The Zamorano Club and lives in Twenty-nine Palms.

ADELA SPINDLER ROATCAP is an art historian, among other pursuits, and often spends Monday evenings at The Club. Her most recent publication, *Raymond Duncan: Printer, Expatriate, Eccentric Artist* has just been published by The Club.

Gifts and Acquisitions

The Club is indebted to the good offices of Board member Joanne Sonnichsen for a magnificent edition of *Art Nouveau & Art Bookbinding* by Alastair Duncan and Georges de Bartha, with a preface by Priscilla Juvelis, who inscribed this copy to The Club. This handsome book was published by Harry N. Abrams, New York, 1989, and it was printed in Japan. Our thanks to Joanne for her efforts. This book is a prime addition to our collection on contemporary bookmaking.

1 1 1

From bookdealer and Club member Robert and Lynne Veatch of Smithtown, New York, we have received two important books and one repeat, The Guild of Bookworkers' 75th Anniversary Exhibition. The first book is a reprint of a very rare Dutch bookbinding manual, *Geheimen der Boekbinderij, Secrets of Bookbinding*. This contains descriptions of how to marble paper and is said to be "the first in any language to provide information on the gilding of cloth." The book is well illustrated with tip-ins on marbling, gilding on leather, velvet, silk, and paper. We believe this is a "must" for any worker in the bookbinding field. (The Veatches are the distributors of this book for the translator, Richard J. Wolfe. The quoted price is \$120.00.)

1 1 1

The second book is a reprint of the Beaumont Press, *First Score*, being a complete account of the foundation and development of the Press and of its first twenty publications. This reprint was printed and published in America by Nicholas T. Smith of Bronxville, N. Y., in 1989. It will be a happy addition to our collection of fine printing. Our thanks to the Veatches for these timely gifts.

1 1 1

And again from bookseller and Club member Preston Beyer of Stratford, Connecticut, we have received another amusing batch of odds and ends—all "items," as he calls them. Even one from our own Harry Donlevy, an "item" we do not own. This is a twelve-page booklet, *An Appreciation of C. H. St John Hornby/The Ashendene Press*, Keepsake No. 6, Volume 1 and Number 1. This is the usual fine hand-colored keepsake, and is a handsome addition to our collected Donlevy's. "Item" 2 is a copy of *Festina Lente*, the journal of the Melbery B. Cary, Jr. graphic arts col-

lection, Volume 1, Number 1, February, 1980. This issue contains an article by Herbert H. Johnson, "32 Unrecorded Books designed by Bruce Rogers while at the Riverside Press, 1896-1914" (a fine addition to our B. R. collection!). "Item" Number 3, *A Portrait of the Author as Bibliographer* is Number 9 of the "Viewpoint Series, Library of Congress, The Center for the Book." This is from a lecture by Dan H. Laurence, the literary advisor to the estate of Bernard Shaw. "Item" 4 is an unbound apparent signature (?), rather fragile, of *Bibliographical Data relating to a Few of the Publications of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, etc., by Flora V. Livingston, and signed by her—Cambridge, Massachusetts, privately printed, 1920. (This fragment is 16 pages from an apparently larger work.) The fifth "item" is an unusually rare Yale College catalog of all the principals, the Reverends from 1770, the Professors from 1780, etc., etc.—the title is dated 1820. The last "item," the sixth and not the least, is two cancelled personal checks, one made out to Püterschein-Hingham (July 30, 1957) for \$12.41 and signed by Joseph F. Weiler. The second cancelled check is from Dorothy Abbe to Joseph F. Weiler for \$1.55, and is dated Aug. 1, 1957. Apparently Mr. Weiler overpaid for an item and Dorothy's check of the next day is an adjustment. These two cancelled checks will add nicely to our large collection of and on W. A. Dwiggins and Dorothy Abbe. Again, our sincere thanks to Preston Beyer for a handful of amusing "items."

1 1 1

Again, and again—we have received another outstanding catalog from Stanford University. The title of this paragon is *Hand Bookbinding: An International Competition and Exhibition in Memory of Leah Wollenberg*. This exciting catalog of the exhibition at the Herbert Hoover Memorial Exhibit Pavilion, March 1 through April 30, was given to us by Club member Joanne Sonnichsen, one of the exhibitors. The catalog was designed by Elizabeth Fischbach, the "Becky" Fischbach of the last great William Morris catalog from Stanford, reviewed in our last *Quarterly*. The catalog was produced by George Lithograph, Inc., in an edition of 750 copies and is illustrated with the incomparable photographs of Leo Holub. Considering the elegant subjects in their exquisite bindings in various leathers and exotic materials (i.e., plexi-glass, wood, and even cork), the spiral binding of this show-book is perhaps not an anachronism. The wrap-around cover has been cleverly designed to fold into a square back with a printed title. The ingenious design and make-up of this catalog must be seen to be appreciated. It is available (from Stanford University/the Exhibition) at a price of \$25.00.

From member Dan Stone (nephew of early member Edward Livingston, Sr.), we have received five limited, fine-edition items that all fit nicely in our collection. These are: *An Excerpt from a Memorial Address on Abraham Lincoln* by the Honorable George Bancroft in 1866. This extremely rare Windsor Press book is one of 35 numbered copies, and ours is Number 3, 1937. Then three more items on or by Lincoln: *Discoveries and Inventions*, a lecture on Lincoln delivered in 1860 and printed by John Henry Nash for John Howell—1915—with his inscription dated November 19, 1920. A four-page folder printed by the Windsor Press in 1940 from “Memories of President Lincoln,” by Walt Whitman, together with a letter to Mr. Livingston regarding this special printing for Mr. Livingston. And the last Lincoln item is more curious: *A New Pilgrimage*, published and printed by the Curwen Press for the Savoy, London, 1923. The last Windsor Press item is *Our Lives Fortunes & Sacred Honor* by Dorothy Thompson (“not for sale” and “printed in this time of urgency, 1941”).

Some years ago we received a copy of *A Personal History of the San Francisco Earthquake and Fire in 1906*, by Edward Livingston, Sr. (1941) and printed for him by the Windsor Press. Along with this was the printer’s dummy together with a detailed estimate for printing and binding. We made a slipcase to house these two unusual items; this new clutch of Livingston items will join the original gift. Our sincere thanks to Dan Stone.

1 1 1

Publisher, printer, and Club member M. A. Gelfand, of his Stone House Press in Roslyn, New York, recently visited The Club and presented us with three of his latest books. These are: *The Curious Act of Poetry*, by Dorothy Hatch, printed in an edition of 130 numbered copies, of which ours is Number 31 of 100 signed by the printer, author, and artist, John De Pol. The second is *Poems of the Twenties*, by James Thomas Flexner, with an introduction by William Jay Smith, again 130 copies, of which 100 are signed; ours is Number 27. Last is *The Shore*, by William Heyen, one of 170 copies, of which 50 are for sale, and our copy is 29. Again, all three—author, artist, and printer—have signed. (De Pol appears to be the house’s artist.) All of the earlier Stone House books were illustrated or decorated by De Pol—who as we here all know is an accomplished wood engraver. From the printer’s press announcement we learn that the three books here described were printed on a Vandercook No. 4 proofing press and all three are hardbound in three-piece binding. All were printed in 1991. We are delighted with these latest books of the Stone House Press

for their excellent design and printing, and these will be added to a growing list of Mr. Gelfand's books, several of which were among the Fifty Books of the Year.

1 1 1

A Correction: Mea culpa. This reviewer too often compiles his reviews or notices by the paste-and-glue method. Unhappily, due to a bad job of pasting, there is an regrettable blooper on page 46 in the last QN-L, paragraph fourth; the line should read: "The Bergers owned the index (only) of the Templeton portfolio which has always been the proud possession of Stanford University."

1 1 1

From Member and bookdealer John Windle we have received another fine book for our library, the Limited Editions Club's *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*, 1931, one of 1500 copies; ours is marked "Printer's Copy." The frontispiece is from a drawing by John Henry Nash's "house artist" William Wilke, and the book is a typically well-designed and well-printed example, as they all were under the direction of Nash's foreman, Joseph FauntLeRoy. This book will join our selected nice examples of Nash's work. Our sincere thanks again to John Windle, now lodged in his new quarters in Menlo Park.

ALBERT SPERISEN

The Club's latest purchase, *Early Lithographed Books: A Study of the Design and Production of Improper Books in the Age of the Hand Press*, by Michael Twyman, is a most remarkable text. The book covers in depth early lithographic books, music and military books, non-Latin texts, as well as facsimiles and autographs. The author's work, the effort of twenty years of research, shows his abiding interest in the topic, and includes a list of over four hundred books done in this technique during the period. There is a truly amazing section on shorthand books and a section on the works of the noted bibliophile, Sir Thomas Phillipps, 1792-1872. This is a truly worthwhile book of scholarship.

1 1 1

A belated thank you to Member Jeffrey Thomas for his gift to the Club of a copy of the first edition of Ronald Searle's hilarious spoof of bibliojargon, entitled *Slightly Foxed But Still Desirable* and published by Souvenir Press, London, 1989. Searle's beautifully rendered artwork lampoons the bizarre and misleading phrases of the book trade in an

altogether disrespectful and often ribald manner; but they also reveal a gentle fondness for books and collecting. This handsome volume is an ornament for our too narrow shelf of bookish humor.

1 1 1

The Club is grateful to Bruce Washbish, Member and Printer-to-QN-L, for his gift of Philip Gaskell's *A New Introduction to Bibliography*. It is the standard work on the topic and is a reference we should have owned years ago. A great joy to behold and an old friend in all its glory—thank you again, Bruce Washbish.

BARBARA LAND

Book Notes

Of special interest among recent fine press books is *Surprise for Steinbeck* by Betty Guy, published at \$60 ppd. by Fania Press, 147 Ripley Street, San Francisco 94110. Ours is Number 65 in an edition of 350 copies designed and printed by Susan Acker at the Feathered Serpent Press. This is a true tale of a surprise visit (arranged by Pascal Covici, Steinbeck's editor at Viking Press in Manhattan) to John and Elaine Steinbeck's cottage three hours from London. From this "surprise" emerged another surprise (this time a painting of the cottage to be presented later as a special gift from editor to author). It is a story of considerable charm and it is beautifully illustrated (color tip-ins and line drawings throughout) by the author, a notable San Francisco artist. There is also an attractive three-piece binding in linen and paper over boards, with the cover papers taken from a Betty Guy monoprnt.

1 1 1

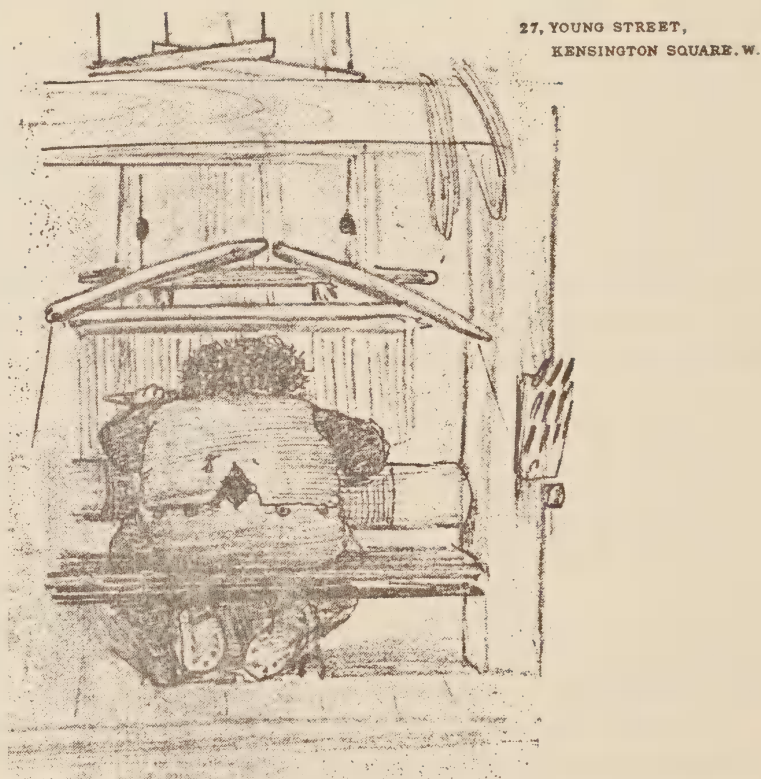
A second review copy of special note arrives from Oak Knoll Books, 414 Delaware Street, New Castle, Delaware 19720. It is *The Two Forgers: A Biography of Harry Buxton Forman and Thomas James Wise*, 332 pp., \$55. The book describes how the two notorious conspirators managed to produce a wide range of forgeries of first editions of Victorian authors, and how the conspiracy was exposed—an international sensation in 1934 and even to the present day.

1 1 1

We have received word that California Book Auction Galleries is in Chapter 7 bankruptcy proceedings. Creditors or interested persons may

wish to contact Edward F. Towers, Trustee in Bankruptcy Attorney,
1255 Post Street, Suite 404, San Francisco, CA 94109; Telephone: (415)
775-7733.

HARLAN KESSEL



Adela Roatcap's article in the Spring QN-L featured a sketch
of William Morris. Readers may find this other view
amusing (also drawn by E. Burne Jones).

From a copy in the British Museum Manuscript Collection.

Serendipity

If you have been wondering what happened to Wesley Tanner's Arif Press in Berkeley, read on. Last summer, San Francisco-based graphic designer Michael Osborne purchased Tanner's letterpress operation to start his own enterprise—One Heart Press. Although it had its official opening in September, 1991, One Heart Press has existed in Osborne's mind (and heart) for many years.

An honors graduate of the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, Osborne established Michael Osborne Design in San Francisco in April, 1981. The firm specializes in package design, corporate identity, and print collateral. Osborne developed an interest in letterpress through Julie Holcomb, whose shop is near Osborne's studio and who was the first person to introduce him to letterpress. Once hooked, he began designing a yearly Valentine card which she then printed. One thing led to another as Osborne visited some of the other facilities in the vicinity—Arion Press and M & H Type. His initial attraction to what he calls "the indescribable look and feel of fine press books" has become a passion, and he now has a growing personal collection.

Osborne finally decided to start a letterpress shop. Acting on an inside tip, Osborne and Norman Clayton, who had previously worked as a designer at Osborne's studio, discovered that Wesley Tanner was leaving Berkeley and had plans to sell all the equipment. Osborne eventually purchased the whole shop intact (with the exception of a small proof press and a collection of type) and took over the space at 2748 Ninth Street.

In keeping with his designer's eye, Osborne has refurbished the shop to brighten the interior and create a more spacious environment. And, while One Heart Press did not assume Tanner's business and clients, the new operation has something of Tanner's spirit and dedication to preserving the fine art of letterpress.

Norman Clayton and Margaret Green are also guiding forces behind the work produced at One Heart Press. Clayton, a graphic design graduate of the Rhode Island School of Design, was introduced to letterpress and the book arts during his sophomore year. He soon found himself centering all his projects around creative book making. For his degree

project, he created an offset printed book of his photographs of incunables and spent the next summer handbinding the edition of two hundred. Margaret Green, a former student of Osborne, studied calligraphy with several well-known Bay Area artists and worked for a time at Arion Press before completing a certificate program in graphic design from the University of California, Berkeley.

One Heart Press has initiated its first book project commissioned by the Yosemite Association. The next project on the drawing board is a collection of quotes from notable children's books. Osborne is also designing and printing a line of greeting cards, a few of which celebrate the designer's favorite holiday—Valentine's Day.



A mystery solved. Some months ago, Member John Class discovered an untitled, unattributed, carbon-copy manuscript entitled *Prelude: A San Francisco Saga*, about a dinner group whose focus was to dine and discuss—after a bottle (or more) of good wine—the newest monthly publication of the Limited Editions Club, newly formed, in 1929, by George Macy in New York. It was a small but lively group that lasted twenty-five years or so. Some of its distinguished (none were otherwise so far as we can determine) members included William Wilke, Haywood Hunt, A. R. ("Tommy") Tommasini, Herbert Fahey, Lee Stopple, Lawton Kennedy, and Joseph FauntLeRoy. Mr. Class's manuscript seemed to several of us an ideal candidate for publication in the QN-L, if only to discover its author and any other provenance.

Further research, particularly by Barbara Land, led to our own library copy of *A Brief History of the Limited Editions Group of San Francisco* by Charles Collier, privately "printed by the members" in 1955. This rare item is a long-ago gift from the personal library of Member Karl Vollmayer and it is an especially interesting copy, containing as it does a scatological broadside spoofing George Macy's sometimes fulsome prose and further containing a naughty doodle entitled *The Rape of A Good Book*, artist unknown but signed by Haywood H. Hunt, Robert Elliott, W. Hancock Wilke, Herbert Fahey, James Johnson, and George Dawson—a pantheon of San Francisco's finest, indeed.

While we shall not recycle the manuscript's text in the QN-L presently, we do recommend this little volume to readers as a testament to conviviality and to a love of fine printing and design.

HARLAN KESSEL

Publication Notes

A special word now to our hand bookbinder members but first, our thanks to John Borden who served The Club admirably as major-domo during Michelle Kallai's maternity leave. Michelle has now returned to grace our offices, along with baby Austin Isaiah Kallai, alternately ensconced in his crib, battery-operated swing, or a frontal sling. Young Mr. Kallai has already developed a watchful and critical eye, as befits the ambience of our Club rooms. We welcome him with delight.

Back to Mr. Borden and to our hand bookbinders: In his rummagings he has discovered a few sets of unsewn sheets of four out-of-print titles: *The Sting of the Wasp*, *Edward Robson Taylor*, *Thomas Bewick & The Fables of Aesop*, and *Texas Argonauts*. These are now available to hand bookbinders for immediate sale. There are also, according to Mr. Borden's list, eight other titles available in unsewn sheets, usually only one or two sets of each. To order, or for more information, contact James Nance.

And as to forthcoming publications, hand bookbinder Members are forewarned to place their sheet orders well in advance of publication. The Club no longer maintains an inventory of unsewn sheets. Again, James Nance will handle advance orders for you.

HARLAN KESSEL

In the first number of the *Quarterly News-Letter* that appeared in May 1933, Albert M. Bender, Chairman of the Publications Committee, wrote a short but interesting article entitled: "How Should Club Publications Be Selected?" His answer is worth repeating as these same principles still guide the Publications Committee in our monthly deliberations. Bender wrote:

The Committee has kept in mind that the Club (1) should not publish material that is easily accessible elsewhere; (2) should publish nothing that is not beyond question worthy of a fine edition; and (3) that it should, other things being equal, give preference to material dealing with the West, either the work of important—but not necessarily well-known—writers of the past, or to work reflecting worth-while trends in contemporary Western letters.

Following this tradition, the Publications Committee is especially

proud of David Forbes's fine work, *A Pictorial Tour of Hawaii 1850-1852*. This oblong volume, skillfully designed by Jack Stauffacher of The Greenwood Press, features the watercolors of a virtually unknown English artist, James Gay Sawkins. Many of these attractive visual documents on Hawaii have never before been published. So often publishers are required to reduce the number of plates or reproduce paintings in black and white. Such economic decisions usually leave author and reader frustrated and the publisher regretful. In the case of the Sawkins watercolors, the Committee decided that his work merited a proper showcase and, consequently, all forty-three paintings selected by Forbes were reproduced in full color. Interest in the book has been high and, not surprisingly, we have received a number of inquiries from our Hawaiian and Australian members for second copies and from non-members who have heard of the book.

The next scheduled publication is Peter Rutledge Koch's contribution on noted California printer and poet William Everson. Now a resident of the Santa Cruz area, Everson has written over twenty volumes of poetry and prose and achieved fame for his work with the hand press. The volume will consist of Everson's collected writings on printing. Koch, a printer and book designer of considerable attainment, writes a superb introduction giving an overview of the Everson's place in fine printing and his thoughts on Everson's influence on his own work. Koch plans to embellish this volume with a number of illustrations and a fold-out reduced facsimile of the famed Equinox Press announcement. Klaus Roetzscher, a superior craftsman, will bind each copy by hand.

One of the primary goals of the Club is to provide encouragement to young, promising printers. For our fall book the Club commissioned Leda Black, a talented printer and designer from Oakland. Working under the name of Black Swan Letterpress Printing and Design, Leda will be responsible for designing and producing a new edition of *My Six Years' Experiences as a Book Agent in California* by Mrs. J. W. Likins. This pleasant book, originally published in 1874 and printed by the Women's Union Book and Job Printing of San Francisco, provides an amazing recollection of a lady who supported her family by carrying a basket of books to prospective buyers from Sacramento to San Jose. Mrs. Likins worked for two distinguished San Francisco book shops, H. H. Bancroft and Anton Roman and primarily sold popular works including several Mark Twain titles. Her recollections, punctuated with humor and equally entertaining plates, not only records a little known aspect of San

Francisco's pioneer book trade but also offers an important insight into the life of a married woman struggling to support her husband and children. Madeleine B. Stern, the foremost authority on the history of antiquarian booksellers in the United States, contributed an introduction and Kathy Walkup, Assistant Professor of Book Arts at Mills College and historian of women bookmakers, will provide a short essay on the original printer.

Early next year, The Club will celebrate the publication of its 200th book. To mark this momentous occasion, the Committee commissioned Professor Robert H. Harlan of the University of California, Berkeley to compile a descriptive bibliography of our books beginning with number 100 and ending with number 199. Dr. Harlan is a nationally recognized expert on descriptive bibliography and the history of book publishing and selling in California. His many publications include the Club's book number 173, *At the Sign of the Lark*. Harlan's bibliography will follow the format established by David Magee in *The Hundredth Book: A Bibliography of the Publications of The Book Club of California* (Grabhorn Press, 1958). Each entry will include a full title transcription and collation, information on the printer, type, paper, binding, number of copies printed, and price, and comment on the book's contents. Former Club President, William Barlow, will introduce this milestone book.

In conjunction with The Club's *Two Hundredth Book*, the Committee agreed to proceed with the publication of a leaf book devoted to the Club's first book, Robert E. Cowan's *A Bibliography of California and the Pacific West 1510-1906*. Despite subsequent editions, the original 1914 publication is considered a classic of Western Americana and received the acclaim of such important Western bibliographers as Hubert Howe Bancroft, Leslie E. Bliss, and Henry R. Wagner. Printed by Taylor, Nash and Taylor, the Club published 250 copies of the first edition and charged a then steep price of \$20.00. This new leaf book will be supported by an essay detailing the history of this inaugural book. It will reproduce a stinging contemporary review, Cowan's magnificent rebuttal, letters of praise by H. H. Bancroft and T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, and a comparative analysis of the 1914 edition with the expanded 1933 and 1964 editions.

Several other worthwhile manuscripts are under consideration and news of their publication will be made available in future issues of the *Quarterly News-Letter*. The Publications Committee naturally welcomes suggestions and comments from the membership.

GARY F. KURUTZ, *Chairman, Publications Committee*

Elected to Membership

The two classifications above Regular membership at \$55 per year are Sustaining membership at \$75 per year and Patron membership at \$150 per year.

<i>New Patron Members</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
Dan Miller	San Francisco	J. Morrow Otis
<i>New Sustaining Members</i>		
Claude S. Brinegar	Pacific Palisades	Michael Ryan
John Mark Lawrence, M.D.	Long Beach	George M. Bowles
Joseph Rogers	San Francisco	Hon. Robert F. Peckham
Roger Wicker	Berkeley	John Crichton
<i>New Regular Members</i>		
Anne Heller Anderson	Atherton	Katherine Heller
Jeffrey & Tatiana Barr	Mountain View	David Weber
Marjorie Block	Kentfield	Robert Haines, Jr.
Joseph S. Busch	San Francisco	Former Member
Bob Coffin	Las Vegas, NV	Jennifer Larson
Richard Coopersmith, M.D.	San Francisco	Sandor Burstein
A. William Holmes, M.D.	Fresno	Roger K. Larson, M.D.
Clayton R. Jackson	Mill Valley	Wm. Dohrmann Evers
Robert M. Jones	Novato	Membership Committee
Henry N. Kuechler, IV	San Francisco	Henry N. Kuechler, III
Christopher Kuntze	Guildhall, VT	Bruce Taylor Hamilton
D. Barry Menuiez	New York, NY	Richard Spencer, III
Michael Osborne	Berkeley	Harlan Kessel
Robert A. Podesta, Jr.	San Francisco	Harry Goff
Earl F. Schmidt	Murphys	Richard Dillon
Jeffrey Skinner	Ross	Harold W. Cookson
Robert B. Stinnett	Oakland	Harlan Kessel
Jeffrey L. Thompson	Anchorage, AK	Former Member
Reginald Tidy	Corte Madera	Adela Spindler Roatcap
Norman E. Tutorow, Ph.D.	Woodside	Richard Dillon
Edgar Weber	San Francisco	John Hussey
William P. Wreden, Jr.	San Francisco	Harry Goff
Richard A. Young	Daly City	Chris Smith
Library, University of Colorado at Boulder	Boulder, CO	James G. Nance

The following member has transferred from Regular to Patron membership status (\$150):

Roger K. Larson, M.D.	Fresno
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The following members have transferred from Regular to Sustaining membership status (\$75):

Dr. Robert Gitler	San Francisco
Jennifer S. Larson	San Francisco
Russell Dean Waters	Montrose